

I Am a Southern Girl

I am a Southern girl. I have always lived in the South. Born in the South Bronx, NY, in a place known as Fort Apache, the Bronx. That certainly was rightly named. It was a time where that part of the South Bronx was in a flux.....riots...handmade pistols all where a normal thing.

My Peeps and Mema bought me a pony when I was born . He kept Flora fenced in the back yard. I learned to ride before I could walk. I had my boots, cowboy hat and a Western saddle.

My Peeps named the cat Flora, our big Germany Sheppard Flora and he called me Flora, too.

In this part of the South, we had our own way of talking. In the South Bronx coffee is pronounced "caughee", film is "filum", and so many other words that I had to learn to pronounce the "correct" way, and you Southerners know what I mean. Brooklyn is another story. I would recommend watching the film, "My Cousin Vinny"if you hear that dialect you might need a translator.

New Jersey.....which is pronounced New Joysey.

Manhattan is the elite. They paid no attention to us.

They didn't know the language, and they didn't care to learn it.

Queens, Long Island is pronounced Lungguylin, all in one.

It was time to leave the South Bronx, leave my pony and Peeps and Mema and move to a more Southern area. We left behind our Irish, Italian, Puerto Rican and Greek friends.

Being Southern we now moved to Connecticut, to South Norwalk. South Norwalk which is the southern part of North Norwalk, also known as plain Norwalk. We learned another language and other idioms Oy vey (oh pain or oh no; oy vey iz mir, (oh, woe is me, my suffering). Our neighbors in South Norwalk were Yiddish, Polish, English and Germany. There were no riots, no one got along with anyone.....they just didn't talk to each other.

From there to North Carolina, the Southern part of course. Now, we were getting into the Southern dialect. I didn't realize when I left a shop, "ya'all comeback" didn't mean come back, you forgot something. It is a wonderful way to say, come back, and thanks for coming. I love it. That was my first true Southern sentence I heard in a store in North Carolina. This part of the South is friendly, warm and welcoming

Our apartment was on a horse ranch. Our landlords shared the next apartment to ours. One day Suzy came over and wanted to borrow a (pen, pin, pan, or pot?). I handed her a pot, no, no pot. I handed her a few straight pins, no, no, and pan or pen were next. Finely got it.... bless her heart, she needed a pen. And so it went. I know y'all know what I mean.

Dadgummit, it was pretty tough learning a new language. I hitched up my britches and headed yonder, down the road. Enough piddlin around.

Got a good notion to chuck something as I wawked down the dirt road.
I felt like an addled tongue tied Yankee.

I'm fixin to pick up sweet tea.....I'm tore up and weared out. So far
this has been the awfulest day of my life.

I couldn't wait to get home, lay down on my deck, look at the
North Carolina bright blue sky, listen to the wind
whisper through the tall pines and watch the buds flit by.

Well, darlin I best quit at this point. I usta live in the South Bronx.

Mary Ann Urda